

THE WHIG STANDARD.



"Flag of the free! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high."

FOR PRESIDENT,
HENRY CLAY.
FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
THEODORE FRELINGHUYSEN.

WASHINGTON.

THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 9, 1844.

WHIG STANDARD OFFICE.

The Publication Office of the Whig Standard is now located on Pennsylvania Avenue, between 3d and 4th streets, next door to Beers' Temperance Hotel. Advertisements, &c., will be received there, or at our Printing Office, corner of 10th street.

For No. 2 of the Review of Linn Boyd's letter, see first page.

"By St. George, the work goes bravely on."
"Mischief thou art a-foot."

These two patriots, F. P. Blair and Thomas Ritchie, who have heretofore labored together like loving brothers, to retain power, and thereby fill their pockets with the "spoils," and who, so long as prosperity and bright hopes shone upon them, were the best natured men towards each other imaginable; now that the skies are lowering, the tempest of public indignation begins to rise, and they see their bark going to pieces, are beginning to lose the sweet serenity of their amiable dispositions, to become petulant, capricious, ill-natured, contradictory, and restive.

The Globe (Mr. Blair) first reads the Enquirer (Mr. Ritchie) a lecture, and intimates to him, indirectly, that he is getting old and losing his sagacity, is easily duped and led astray by cunning and designing men, and gently admonishes him of his duty, and to beware of committing the folly and error of entering into an intrigue to overthrow Mr. Van Buren and promote Mr. Calhoun's prospects. Whereat, the old gentleman of the Enquirer takes fire, and "flares up" "right smartly." We must say the venerable octogenarian exhibits much of the spirit of youth in his reply to the Globe; enough, at least, to show what sort of stuff he is made of, and the spunk he must have possessed in the palmy days of his manhood, before the pitcher was broken—

"And his big manly voice,
"Turning again toward childish treble, piped
"And whistled in its sound."

We copy from the Richmond Enquirer of Tuesday Mr. Ritchie's reply to his friend and brother, F. P. Blair, which our readers will find highly interesting.

The Globe of Tuesday evening does not rejoice, but has a long, deprecatory jeremiad, written, doubtless, by Blair himself, as it has all the characteristics of the mind and spirit of a sick man. (We assure Mr. Blair we mean no unfeeling allusion to his illness, and that we heartily sympathize with him in his sickness.) We doubt not that as Mr. Ritchie is a kind-hearted man, he will be mollified by this sickly tone, so different from the usual, high, dictatorial, imperious, commanding, gasconading tone of the Globe, and that his heart will instantly melt within, and his eye glisten with the tear-drop of compassion, upon reading it. *Nous verrons*, as he is wont to express himself.

The Globe has been pleased and polite enough to say, that "Mr. Ritchie and others have become dupes" to an intrigue which it says has been going on at Washington during the present session. The first plan, according to the Globe, was to get up a meeting and denounce Mr. Van Buren. The next was, to "get members to sign a paper against him." The last scheme "was that of individual renunciation of Mr. Van Buren—attempts to work upon the States and delegates to the Convention, by the eternal, concerted, and cuckoo cry, 'He can't be elected!' This is the last manoeuvre, and we grieve to see that Mr. Ritchie and others have become its dupes. The resolutions adopted at the Shockoe meeting in Richmond was the fruit of this intrigue; and, if acted upon in that State, the Democratic party there is disbanded." The Globe is also pleased to compare this effort to John Bell's plot to foist Judge White upon the nation as the Republican candidate. It concludes by saying, that "the great body of the party is not the dupe, nor the instrument of this second edition of the Judge White intrigue, and will not be governed by it. Mr. Ritchie may rely on this!"

With all our disposition to sacrifice every thing upon the altar of our party, and to unite with the Globe in act and in spirit for the promotion of the Republican cause, we must frankly tell the Globe, that there is no press in this country which is able to dictate to us. We have generally heard the voice of the Globe with respect; we have always desired the good wishes of its editor—but Mr. Blair may reply upon it, that we will never so far lose our self-respect as to bow to its dictation.

We have sympathized with him in his sickness; but we regret to see the first evidence of his convalescence in this singular effort to cast a slur, not only upon ourselves, but upon some of the most distinguished Republicans in Virginia. We

must take the liberty of telling him, and also our political and personal friend General Dromgoole, that they are posting to their conclusions with too much speed. They may see, perhaps, what is passing under their own eyes at Washington; but they are not sufficiently acquainted with the public sentiment of Virginia. They were perfectly unacquainted with the circumstances under which this resolution was submitted, as a compromise resolution, by its distinguished author. Whatever exception may have been taken to it, the very last thing that could have been said against it, was the slightest disposition to fall in with any paltry intrigue at Washington. Not even Mr. Blair or General D. is more disposed to do all honor to Mr. Van Buren; nor are they even less disposed to become the satellites of any Presidential candidate than the Republican who penned that resolution, or the man who offered it to the Shockoe Association. No man could have more sincerely regretted the views which Mr. Van Buren has submitted on the question of annexation, honest and able as they were. And we go further, and say at once, that if he should become the nominee of the Baltimore Convention, we shall battle for him against Henry Clay to the last—because, independently of our great respect and personal attachment to the man, he decidedly goes with us in almost every great question, and Henry Clay does not in one—because, too, as is so much nearer to us on the Texas question than Henry Clay—and because he is an able and accomplished statesman, whilst his ambitious competitor is an electioneering demagogue, and would prove an arrogant Dictator to his country.

But it would have been rather more respectful in the Globe to suppose, that however we may have been mistaken in the course we have pursued, the friends of the resolution had some motives which were at least satisfactory to themselves. By what authority does the Globe express the opinion which is pleased to sport before the public? Why, in this off-hand manner, and without the slightest evidence, does it suspect us or our friends of being "dupes" to a miserable intrigue at Washington? Such a suspicion is utterly gratuitous. We are no dupes. We have participated in no intrigue. As far back as March, 1843, we expressed in our State convention the strong desire that the nomination of President should be effected before the meeting of Congress. We expressly stated, as one of the reasons for that preference, that there might be some caballing, and some intriguing about the Presidential candidates. When we heard, some weeks ago, that some of our friends had expressed a preference for other candidates, we noticed it in our paper, and advised the members of Congress to mind their own business; but without at all suspecting them of any petty intrigue, or any "foul conspiracy." Whatever new views have struck our minds within the last two weeks, they have not had the slightest connexion with any intrigue at Washington. We have had very little communication with our friends there since the day of our State election. We state, without the fear of contradiction, during this eventful period, that no one has attempted to influence our choice, and that no one at Washington has exercised the slightest bias upon our mind. It was not what passed there, but what was passing in Virginia, which gave rise to the free conference that produced this compromise resolution. It was the public sentiment, coming up after the election, as well as after the Texas letter of Mr. Van Buren, which gave rise to some movement on the subject; and no intrigue at Washington, of which, in the courteous language of the Globe, we and others are said to have been the dupes. Evidence has been submitted to us from some of the most respectable Republicans of Virginia, calculated to arrest our attention and excite our reflection. We cannot spread it upon this paper. The letter of Mr. Van Buren, able in its positions, and honorable as it may be to the frankness of its author, could scarcely have been sent forth without producing deep sensation upon Southern minds. We cannot change our position in regard to this subject to please the varying humor of the hour. We have been the devoted friends of re-annexation for years past. The paragraph which the Globe published but the last week, from the Richmond Enquirer of 1829, bears witness to that fact. When we found that a treaty was upon the tapis, it was our duty to review the whole subject, and to express our free opinions with the frankness of a freeman, and we hope the spirit of a patriot. We could not, on one day, take our stand for the great interests of the nation, in one of those masterly arguments, which we should at first attempt to imitate, and, in a few days after, abandon our great position, and throw a wet blanket over the hopes and prospects of the people.

Again, we must say, if things go on as they have gone for ten days past, our party must be beaten, and Henry Clay be elected Dictator of the Republic.

Dr. Duncan was again at his dirty work yesterday in the House of Representatives; he exhibited there several banners which he said had been used by the Whigs in the campaign of '40, and which he knew, at the time he made the assertion, to be false. On one of these—and which we suppose to be the Dr.'s favorite—was inscribed "we stoop to conquer," a motto that he has devoted a life to exemplify; for if we may judge from his past course, he will stoop to do anything low which may have the least tendency to make him still more notorious. There are some men so constituted by habit and association as to be fit for nothing decent; and from the manner in which he persists in his low flummery, we infer that he is determined that every one shall know that he is one of that kind. If it will be any consolation for the Dr. to know it, we will inform him that public opinion on that point is quite unanimous; and that he has succeeded in earning a title which we should like very much to see branded on his forehead.

Prentice says a Locofoco of his acquaintance, on hearing of the late tremendous Whig victories, exclaimed: "The Whigs tell us about the same old coon, but this isn't the same old coon at all. It is a much bigger coon, with sharper teeth, keener claws, longer tail, and more rings round it."

John Doyle, Esq., J. P. and Thomas D'Arcy, Esqs., Lieutenants in her Majesty's 89th Regiment, have been held to bail in £500 each, to answer any charge that may be preferred against them for the murder of Julian Champeau, killed in an election riot.

GREAT RATIFICATION MEETING IN NEW YORK—ADDRESS OF MR. FRELINGHUYSEN.

A great mass meeting took place in the city of New York on Monday evening, which was called together for the purpose of ratifying the nominations of President and Vice President. General Anthony Lamb was appointed president of the meeting, and two gentlemen from each ward vice presidents. The Hon. Morris Franklin addressed the audience in an appropriate speech, concluding with the presentation of resolutions, of which, from their length, we have only room for the substance. The resolutions pledge the meeting to use every honorable exertion to promote the election of Clay and Frelinghuysen, and vindicate the Whigs against the charge of concealing their principles, by broadly laying down the measures of the party.

Letters were read from a number of distinguished gentlemen, whose attendance was prevented by various causes, but all concurring most heartily in the objects of the meeting.

Mr. Fillmore was at this stage of the proceedings loudly called for, and most nobly and patriotically responded. We regret that our limits forbid the insertion of the whole of his remarks, which were enthusiastically received. Mr. Fillmore said that he believed the nomination of Mr. Frelinghuysen the best that could have been made.

Messrs. Horace Greeley and John A. Collier made speeches, and while the latter gentleman was speaking a heavy rain came up, and dispersed the audience.

After the rain was over the meeting again assembled at National Hall. The meeting being organized, the President introduced the Hon. Robert Tombs, of Georgia, who delivered an able defence of Whig principles, which he declared were identical all over the country, and exposed the inconsistencies of Locofocoism to the ridicule of the audience.

He was followed by Mr. Sparks, of Louisiana, Governor Pennington, of New Jersey, Gen. Dawson, formerly a Senator in Congress from Georgia, and Col. Lumpkin, of the same State.

The meeting then adjourned for the purpose of moving in procession to the residence of Mr. Frelinghuysen. Mr. F. made his appearance immediately, and made the following eloquent response to an address from Mr. H. E. Davies:

MR. FRELINGHUYSEN'S ADDRESS.

MY FELLOW-CITIZENS: I thank you for your enthusiastic approbation of the nomination lately made by the Whigs of the United States, assembled in Convention at Baltimore. To be selected by such a body of distinguished patriots, is an honor I most deeply and sensibly feel, and the more deeply and sensibly, that it is so cheerfully ratified by my friends and neighbors in New York. I can only say, that such a mark of kindness will strengthen my attachment to Whig principles, if such strengthening were necessary, and that it is certainly calculated to make me strive to the best of my abilities, if I am ever put in a situation to carry out your principles, so to act as to merit this kindness, and to justify the confidence you have conferred upon me. (Cheers.)

Gentlemen, the great principles of the Whig Party, for which you have so long and so nobly struggled amid periods of the greatest gloom, and notwithstanding the most cruel disappointments, are my principles. (Cheers, three times given, and three times repeated,—with cries, "we know that," "we made the nomination for that.") I have long cherished these principles. I shall maintain them hereafter, as I have maintained them heretofore. (Cheers.) They are, as I understand them—

A sound National Currency.

A just limitation of Executive power.

A Tariff for revenue, discriminating for the purpose of incidental protection to domestic industry. (Loud cheering.)

An equal and fair distribution of the proceeds of the Public Lands among the several States of the Union.

These, as I understand them, continued Mr. Frelinghuysen, are the cardinal although not all the principles of the Whig Party; and after what I have already said, I need hardly add that they will find me an humble but willing advocate in whatever position I may be placed. (Cheers.)

We need an Executive administration of the Government, Mr. F. continued to say, that will fairly and faithfully carry out the principles of the Constitution, exercising its full powers, where powers are given it, and keeping strictly within its limitations, where powers are limited, but firm when there ought to be concession, but firm when concession would result in injury—liberally maintaining its compromises, but as independently carrying out its positive commands—and yet who will take no other responsibilities upon himself but what he finds there. It is a matter, as it seems to me, for thankfulness, in a distinguished citizen of Kentucky all these principles are embodied, and that he is not only pledged to them by a long public life, but that such is the truthfulness and fidelity of his nature, that the People can well trust him with power to carry them out. (Great cheering.)

Gentlemen, the political life of Henry Clay for thirty years past has been only an illustration of Whig principles, and the history of his life for twenty years would be the history of his country. Whenever there was a struggle for the protection of American labor against foreign industry, where but on the side of his country was Henry Clay! Whenever there was a struggle to limit the alarming and overgrowing magnitude of Executive power, where but on the side of the people was Henry Clay! Or when the vast public domain was in jeopardy from being offered for sale in the political market, where but on the side of faith, of honor, of justice to all, was our illustrious champion and friend! (Great cheering.) In all of these great questions his voice has been heard from the first. In all of the combats concerning them he has led the van. (Cheers.) He has never compromised the dignity of his position to gain a vote on the momentary breath of popular favor, but with an eye ever steadily fixed upon an approving public, he has fearlessly discharged what he has deemed to be his duty. (Cheers.) I don't believe a purer patriot breathes on the whole continent of America. (Cheers.)

And for proof, I point to a long public life, passed in stirring scenes which have never conflicted with probity or honor—a life unsullied by meanness, or grovelling appeal to improper ambition—in all of which his principles have been put forth with order, and as clear as light, while every pulse beating within him has been for the welfare and the true glory of his country. If such a man does not deserve the name of patriot, I do not know who does deserve the name, or who can. (Cheers.) They say he is ambitious! I dare say he is. Be it so, then. But point me to the time when he has not sacrificed ambition, and himself, if what he deemed his duty called. I happen to know that on that great question, the public lands, the question was thrust upon him by an adverse Senate to make him unpopular in the West. He entered upon it with a zeal characteristic of himself, and gave it the whole power of his mind. He never thought of what was to become of himself. As a Western man, he had a tempting field for political traffic in the whole public domain. He might have used it for the purposes of ambition. He might have held it out as a tempting bait for the whole West. But his heart was as large as his country. (Cheers.) He studied out the title of this public domain. He knew where it came from, and justice told where it belonged. Fearless, then, as is his nature, he flung out his banner, "distribution of the proceeds among the States," and he nailed it to the mast. (Great cheering, and cries of "that is good.")

I have said of Mr. Clay, continued Mr. Frelinghuysen, that his heart was as large as his country. A signal instance of it was his candor on the Tariff in the arduous session of 1832. Perhaps no man living could more tenderly cherish a conception of his own brain, or an offspring of his own creation, than he who has been called the Father of the American system. The principles of protection to American industry embodied in the Tariff law, Mr. Clay has cherished as he has his life. But when in 1831–2, an unnatural excitement was got up in South Carolina against a law, in the enactment of which he did not participate, he saw it was necessary to save his country from peril, even to make a sacrifice of what he loved so much. He looked for time to instruct the whole country in the necessity and utility of protecting home industry, and he was willing to have a truce of eight years to give that time. He said to his friends in the Senate, "we can all see how an Executive can lead us into a fraternal war, but how he can get us out, that we never can foresee. Dear as the Tariff is to all, he said, we must give it up for the moment to save our countrymen from shedding each other's blood—to preserve the Union and the cause of human liberty throughout the world. I shall rejoice, my friends, if you can go with me, but do what you will, I must offer myself as a victim up to peace." (Cheers.) He became the great Pacifier of that alarming time, and "blessed are the peace-makers," says the highest authority that addresses man. (Cheering and loud applause.) Thus, gentlemen, in every view I can take of my position, I have reason for gratitude and thankfulness to you and to the country, that my name is connected with a name that reflects honor even upon so humble an associate—and it shall be my pride and my gratification, I repeat, to merit the confidence your kindness has bestowed upon me. (Applause.)

One word, gentlemen, for my honored mother, the State that gave me birth—where repose the ashes of my ancestors—and to which I am indebted for many marks of regard prior to this of late. I assure you, gentlemen, New Jersey will be true to all the principles of Whigs. Whatever may be her temporary vibrations from the temporary inaction of her prosperity, or from local or transitory ambition, she is Whig to the heart and core. (Loud cheers.) We can never be anything else but Whigs, Whig first, Whig last, Whig always. (Cheers.)—A State cradled in the bloodiest scenes of the American revolution, whose hills and valleys, and plains, are stirring all with revolutionary invocations, she would be false to herself, and an unnatural offspring, if she could forget the principles born with her, and bled for on her bosom. (Cheers.) No, she can never cease to be Whig till the plains of Monmouth, the heights of Princeton, and the streets of Trenton are forgotten—till she tears out from history the leaves of her glory, and blots from her escutcheon the brightest gems that are emblazoned upon it. I promise you, gentlemen, I promise the Union, New Jersey will be true to herself, and to the whole country. (Cheers loud and prolonged, and which Mr. Frelinghuysen retired.)

ANOTHER WHIG PRIZE BANNER.

(From the Baltimore Patriot.)

MR. EDITOR: I learn that the gallant Whigs of Delaware, to whom was awarded the Baltimore Whig Prize Banner, intend having prepared an appropriate Banner, to be presented to the Whigs of such State as shall give the largest proportionate increased Whig vote, at the ensuing Presidential election, over the Whig vote of 1840. Say, Whigs of the several States of the Union, which of you will take the post of the "Banner State" in the National Whig Procession at Washington, on the 4th of March, 1845, on the occasion of the inauguration of Henry Clay as President of the United States! Are you all ready? DELAWARE.

[Now, Virginia, is your time. Look sharp, and you'll get the banner.]

PROCEEDINGS OF THE GREAT WHIG CONVENTIONS IN PAMPHLET FORM.

At the earnest request of a great number of delegates, the editor of the Baltimore Patriot has decided to publish, in a pamphlet form, the accounts which have appeared in that paper of the great Whig Conventions, corrected and enlarged, with a full description of the Grand National Procession, the speeches of Mr. Webster and others, official report of the Nominating Convention, &c., the whole illustrated by over fifty cuts, representing the triumphal arches, the banners, the scene at Canton, the view of the procession from the Patriot office. They will be furnished at the following rates:

\$30 00 per thousand.
3 50 per hundred.
50 cents per dozen.
6 1/2 cents a piece.

This pamphlet (the editor says) shall be got up in fine style, and will be a most acceptable publication to the Whigs of the Union, containing, as it will, a full, minute, and graphic account of the greatest assemblage of people ever held in the Union—the most brilliant pageant the country ever saw—and will be the account which even men who participated in the glorious proceedings will desire to preserve—and the one which those who were not here to see it would like to read.

VIRGINIA ELECTION.

The Richmond Whig of yesterday says that it is reported and believed that Grayson and Carrol, sending one delegate, have elected a Whig: being another Whig gain.

HEAVY MAIL MATTER.—Speeches of members of Congress, weighing about three hundred pounds franked by the Clerk of the House of Representatives, were lately received at Buffalo, N. Y., by one individual. No wonder the people are outrageously taxed for the conveyance of the mail. The poor man's letters have to pay for the conveyance of these cart loads of speeches.

IRELAND.

[BY THE HIBERNIA.]

The grand banquet given to O'Connell by the inhabitants of Cork took place on the 7th instant, Mr. Smith O'Brien, M. P., from Limerick, presiding. Upwards of 800 persons participated. The chief feature of the evening was the speech of O'Connell, delivered at the table. Speaking of the splendor of the demonstration, he said:

"No man who ever stood upon the threshold of a prison received such a compliment. [Hear, hear, and cheers.] No man who ever stood on the steps of a throne was honored as I have been honored, though on the threshold of a prison; but I would not change that prison, with the compliment, for the throne of any monarch in the universal world. * * * What crime have I committed! [Loud cries of 'None!'] I declare to Heaven I do not know. I believe Chief Justice Pennefather does not know, nor am I aware that the sagacious jury knew what crime they convicted me on. I repeat I am not aware of the crime, but I am sure of this, that if it was to be committed over again, I am the boy for it.—[Great cheering.] I have done nothing of which I am ashamed before man, or tremble for before my God."

Another reference to his sentence elicited tremendous applause:

"I am advanced in life—the prison may terminate my existence. [Sensation, and cries of 'God forbid!'] I am not shrinking from the dungeon. [Cheers.] I do not speak in a whining or pitiful manner; but I do trust that my last moments will be enlivened by the reflection that I should have lived longer had I not loved Ireland so intensely." [Loud cheers.]

A portion of the speech was devoted to an exhortation to the people of Ireland to persevere in demanding repeal, peaceably and lawfully, but without wavering or compromise. The following were his concluding remarks:

"I am speaking to you as if a voice were issuing from the tomb of a jail, but not in the mournful accents of danger. [Loud cheers.]—Irishmen, the time is come; preserve the peace—observe order—do not run a risk. I conjure you, as you love Ireland, and hate the maladministration of justice—as you esteem the Chief Baron, and dislike the Chief Justice [groans]—in short, if you love Ireland—if you want to confer on me comfort when in my dungeon, you will rally for Old Ireland and Repeal."

It seems to be generally expected that the Ministry will take the decisive step of imprisoning O'Connell, but no accurate information upon the subject appears in any of the papers. It is evident that O'Connell himself anticipates this course, and is laboring to prepare the minds of the people to submit to it quietly, but at the same time not to forego the prosecution of Ireland's only hope—a repeal of the Union. From the admirable control he exercises over the public mind in Ireland, it is probable that his expressed will upon the subject of a quiet submission on the part of the repealers, to his incarceration, will be effectual in preserving the peace. It is, however, to be apprehended, that his health will be impaired by confinement, as his active habits of life will thus be restrained; the consequences may be serious, and perhaps result in his death. In that case it would be hard for the wishes of any mortal man to control the exasperated feelings of the Irish people, at the sacrifice of the best friend and patriot their country ever had, and a general outbreak may be the consequence. To such a deplorable issue, it is possible that the outrageous prosecutions of O'Connell by the British Ministry, will bring the state of affairs in Ireland, and if so, woe be upon their guilty heads!

A FLOOD.—The St. Louis Reporter of Friday week says that the Upper Mississippi is reported to have risen to an alarming height. At Galena and Dubuque, and for 150 miles below, the entire bottom lands are inundated from bluff to bluff, and the inhabitants have been compelled to remove from their farms for safety. Large amounts of property have been swept away, and the lower part of Galena is under water. On the 22d the river at Galena appeared to be receding a little.

We understand that a pardon has been received by the Warden of the Penitentiary for Jefferson Griffith, Alexander Curran, William Hanna, and Frederick Konig, the parties convicted during the October term of Baltimore City Court in 1841, of the murder of John Bigham, on the 5th of July previous, and sentenced to confinement in the Penitentiary for eighteen years.—Balt. Amer.

SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA.—Socrates, the wisest and best of Grecian Philosophers, was condemned to death under the false accusation of corrupting the minds of the youth, and even at this enlightened age, the spirit of barbarism still manifests itself in condemning, untried and unheard, any new system or improvement that may be introduced. Disease revels in our system and triumphs in our abuse, and men blindly refuse to apply a remedy; but still, "facts are stubborn things," and show conclusively that soon incurable diseases will be numbered with the things that were. Scrofula, which has so long baffled medical skill, is now effectually and permanently cured by Sands's Sarsaparilla, and all diseases having their origin in an impure state of the blood—also chronic constitutional disorders.

Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by A. B. & D. SANDS, Wholesale Druggists, 79 Fulton st., New York.

Agents for Washington city.—ROBERT FARNHAM, Bookseller, corner of Pennsylvania avenue and 11th street, and R. S. PATTERSON, Druggist, corner of Pennsylvania avenue and 9th street.

Price \$1 per bottle; 6 bottles for \$5.

PETERS' PILLS.—It is unnecessary to say more than one word about Peters' Vegetable and Bilious Pills. They are more extensively used by Physicians than any other pill ever made. For fevers of every type, dyspepsia, liver complaint, jaundice, obstructions, costiveness, loss of appetite, they are emphatically the GREAT REMEDY. Our eulogy is useless where they are known. Let the doubting test their virtue. For sale at CHAS. STOTTS'S.